

Jack Ruby Post 1/4/67

Jack Ruby is dead. One wonders if there ever penetrated into his confused and clouded mind any dim perception of the great injury he did his country. His crime, added to the awful crime of the assassin he killed, was almost more than the people of this land could bear. His misguided act unloosed upon the world clouds of conjecture that, as the result of Oswald's death, probably never can be dissipated.

There will be profits to be made, for decades to come, by the publication of the foulest and wretchedest insinuations and suggestions, the coarsest and most improbable inferences and allegations, the meanest and most extravagant imaginings and hallucinations. By his very dying, Ruby will set loose another torrent of these malicious speculations. Nothing will quiet them. No testimony will still them. No evidence will remove them. No persuasion will silence them. On and on the tide of wicked drivels and billingsgate will roll, divesting great names of dignity, great deeds of grandeur and great periods of our history of their glory.

What punishment could be adequate for so heinous a crime, so vast an injury, so great a libel upon the good name of a fair country? So he goes to his grave unpunished. Actually, he obtained by his senseless act, more than he could have otherwise achieved. It was his triumph to become a footnote—an infamous and notorious footnote—to history.